THE SOVLES HEAVENLY EXERCISE

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Set downe in diuerſe godly Meditations, both proſe and verſe, by

Nicholas Breton

Gent.

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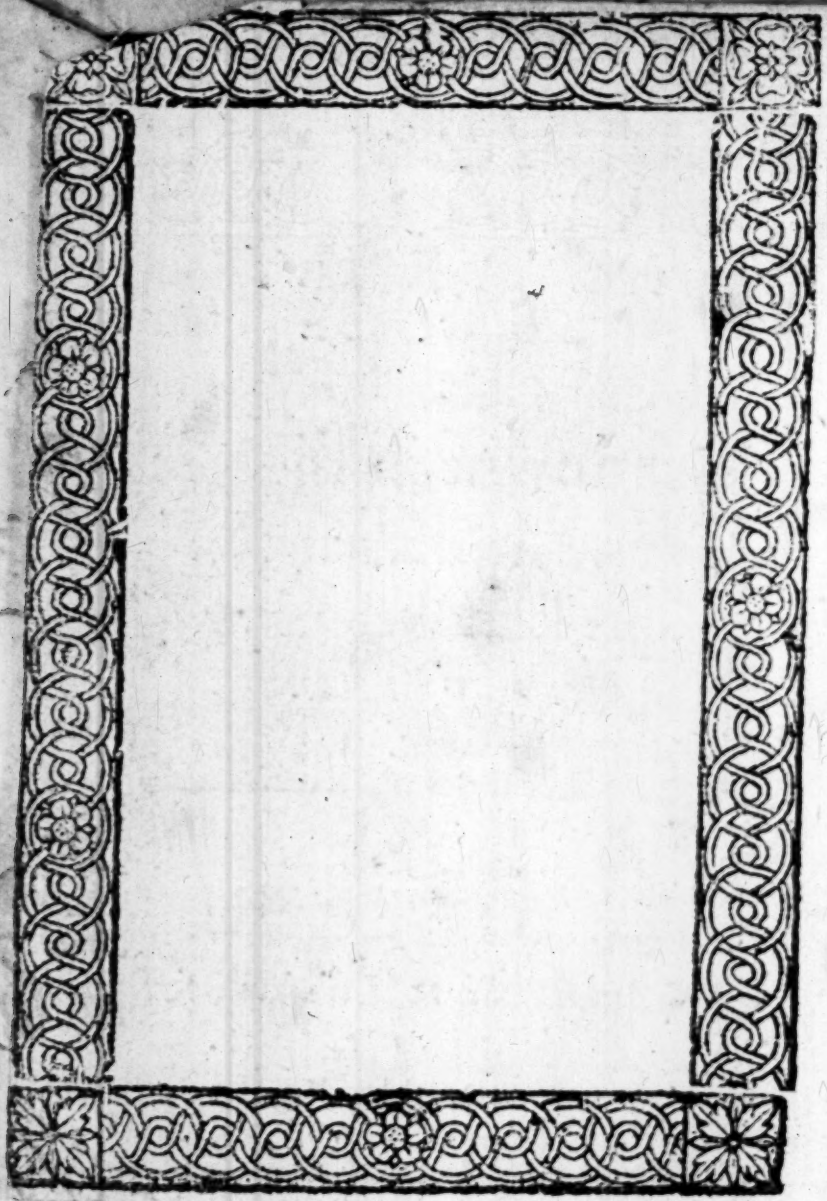

TO THE Right honorable *William Rider*, Lord Maior of the *citie of London*.

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RIght Honorable, Ihaue read, that newely after the Coronation of *Alexander* the greate, di-

uers of his ſubiectes, as well of the Nobilitie, as meaner condition, did preſent his greatneſſe, with ſuch giftes as their abilities could purchaſe, to manifeſt the nature of their loue, or ſeruice: among all which, a poore Maſon, not ſo rich as cunning, in his Arte; and yet as willing as any, in ſome token of his ſeruice, to make ſome manifeſtation of his humble loue, brought into the

the Court a bagge full of ſtones; but what they were, or how they were wrought, was not knowen to anie, neither would hee let any man ſee them, till hee was brought vnto the Emperour: where, vpon a table, hee laid before him his owne Image, but in ſo deade a colour, as if hee were to be laid in his graue, with theſe words written vpon his breaſte,

Talis

Talis eris. Diuers of his Court, at the beholding thereof, began to frowne at the poore Maſon, that hee durſt at ſuch a time of pleaſing triumphes, preſent his Maieſtie with a picture of ſuch melancholy: but the Emperour, taking by the inſpiration of Gods holy ſpirit, a gratious apprehenſion of the poore mans loue, not only did thankfully accept the preſent, which he cauſed to be ſet vp in his owne cham-

chamber, euer after, as a cõtinual glaſſe for him euening & morning, & at all houres to looke vpon, but after a bountifull reward, entertaining him for his owne Maſon, vſed theſe wordes of him vnto al thoſe that did attend in his preſence: Here are many of yee, that I am beholding to, for many tokens of your loue and ſeruice, but chiefely vnto this man: for ſome of yee haue beene ſent by your fathers, ſome,

ſome, by your friends, ſome from your own ſpirits, with ſuch thinges as ye haue preſented: but this man neither from father, friend, nor from himſelfe; but onely from God of heauen was ſent vnto mee, not with a toy to delight mee, nor a Iewell to enrich mee, but with a continual warning, not to ſinke in the delight of vanitie, nor to truſt in the droſſe of this worldly treaſure, but in the greateſt of my greatneſſe

neſſe, to humble my ſelfe, to him that is greater than I, & who hauing made me greate, can bringe mee to nothing at all; and whatſoeuer, I am, or may be, doth ſhewe mee what in the end I ſhall be. Thus farre of this hiſtorie I haue ſet downe for my purpoſe. Your Lordſhip, newly ſtept vp vnto the ſtate of Honour, I know ſhall be followed with many friends, and gratified with many preſents, which I know you will

will not receiue vnthankfully: but among all, I beſeech you not to refuſe, at the hands of an humble heart, the paſſionate meditations of a patient ſpirite: which, in the Euening, and Morning, and at all houres, if your Lordſhippe wil vouchſafe at your leaſure to looke vpon, yee ſhall ſee, that whoſoeuer hath come to you, and whatſoeuer is brought you, GOD that ſet

ſet mee to worke, hath ſent mee vnto you, to preſent you with ſuch a glaſſe, as will ſhewe the great comfort of his grace. By which I humbly beſeech his eternall Maieſtie, to guide your thoughtes, wordes, and deedes, to his infinite glorie, the contentment of her Maieſtie, the increaſe of your owne Honour, and the comfort of all that loue you:

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among whome, the leaſt worthie to bee named, I humbly reſt

Your Honours, in all humbleneſſe, N. B.

THE SOVLES EXERCISE.

A prayer for the Lord Maior. In the Morning.

YE blessed, gratious, most merciful & glorious good GOD, whose only eye of mercie beholdeth all the dwellers vpon yearth,

& out of the bounty of thine only bleſſing, doſt elect thy creatures to thy ſeruice, my deare GOD, that tookeſt Moſes out of the water, to leade thy people through ye wilderneſſe, Dauid from ye ſheepefolde, to ſway the ſcepter ouer thy people Iſracll, and Ioſeph from the priſon, to be gouernor ouer many people; & now out of meane eſtate haſt aduanced me, among many, thy moſt vnworthy ſeruant, vnder ye ſcep-

ſcepter of my grations Soueraigne, to ſway the ſword of iuſtice ouer this thy bleſſed city, let not ſweet Lord, this great bleſſing of thy goodneſſe be loſt in my vnthankfulneſſe, but ſo inſpire my hart and ſoule w̄ ẏ grace of thy holy ſpirit, ẏ by the rules of thy direction, I may diſcharge the care of my duty, by thy mercy, & my ſoueraigns boũty cõmitted vnto mee; ẏ thy name may be glorified, her Maieſty plea-

sed, & thy people preserued. Blessed God, blesse, I beseech thee, all thy people of this city & land, but especially, thy gratious and chosen seruant, and our most gratious and Soueraigne Queene, Elizabeth: inspire her with the speciall grace of thy holy spirit, that in the wisdome of thy will, she may direct the course of her happie daies, and by the mercy of her Iustice, she may so carry the Scep-

ter

ter of her gouernement, that thy glory may be encreased, her Maiesty admired, and vnder thee, her people be blessed. Blesse oh GOD all her honorable Counsell, that they may vnfainedly discharge the care of their dueties, in the true honour of their places: Blesse the preachers of thy holy worde, with the true knowledge and deliuery of thy holy word, and giue them that inwarde care of

thy holy will, that, by the faithfulneſſe of their lones vnto thee, they may be lights of good life vnto thy people. Bleſſe all the Magiſtrates, not only of this place, but whereſoeuer, w̄ a good and dutifull care of their charge committed vnto them: and giue me, in the grace of thy holy ſpirit, that true feeling of thy goodneſſe, that in the ſway of Iuſtice, I may not ſwarue from thy lawe, but with con-

continuall care of thy will, I may so discharge the duety of my seruice, that in all my courses I may seeke to glorifie thy holy name, the contentment of my gratious Soueraigne, and the benefit of this, thine, and her citie. Oh gratious GOD, holde thy hande of mercie ouer it, destroy it not with Sodome and Gomorrah, for the sinnes that raigne in it: but like Niniue reforme it, and in

thy mercie, preſerue it: make many good gouernours ouer it, and thy people obedient vnto authoritie: oh gratious God, encreaſe the happie daies of our gratious Soueraigne Queene Elizabeth, not as thou didſt Hezekiahs, with fifteene yeares, but many fifteens: continue her faithfull, and honourable Counſellours, this and all her cities and townes, diſcreete and carefull Magiſtrates, and

and euery where, true louing & obedient subiects: preserue not only this city but the whole Realme, wᵗ y gratious plentie and blessed peace, wherein it now liueth, and giue me grace to my vttermost power, to labour for the preseruation of this place. Oh Lord let not this my aduancement make me vnthankfully forget thee: but acknowledgeing thy goodnesse, be euer mindefull of thy mercie, nei-

neither let the pride of authoritie, the maſſe of treaſure, nor any worlds felicitie, haue power to draw mee from thee, but that thankfully accepting thy bleſſings, and carefully diſcharging ẏ duty of thy ſeruant, whenſoeuer it ſhall pleaſe thee to call mee, I may willingly leaue the worlde for thy loue: oh god heare mee I humbly beſeech thee, be thou a wall vnto this citie, to defende it,

it from forraine force, and blesse it with that ioyfull peace, that may cõtinue the concorde of thy people. Graunt this oh God, and whatsoeuer else thy glorious Maiesty, in thy gratious mercy, shall thinke needefull for mee; that after I haue passed my pilgrimage in this vale of misery, I may by the merite of thy mercy, obtaine a place, in that true Paradise, where, with

Breton, N.

with thy Saintes and Angels, in the traine of thy beloued, though the leaſt in thy kingdome, in thy heauenly Ieruſalem, I may be one of thy bleſſed citizens, where in the ioy of my ſoule, I may ſing to thy glory. Amen.

Another for the Euening.

O gratious God, with moſt humble, thãkfulneſſe to thy holy glorious Ma-

ieſty

iesty, for thy heauenly preseruation of mee, this day, and all the daies of my life, I humbly beseech thee receiue me with all the Magistrates and members of this citie, into the heauenly guard of thy holy grace, be thou a continuall watch ouer it, that none of thy people doe perish in it: awake those that sleepe in their sinnes and take them againe vnto thy grace, confound the deuises of the wicked,

ked, that ſeeke the deſtruction of thy people. Bleſſe the labours of the vertuous, preſerue my gratious Soueraigne, and withall her faithfull Counſellours, and louing & obedient ſubiects, bleſſe mee and my houſe, make vs, and continue vs, thy humble and faithfull obedient ſeruants, and in the peace of thy mercie, receiue vs into the Almightie hād of thy holy preſeruation; ỹ waking or ſleeping,

vp-

vprising, downelying, going forth and comming in, being preserued by thine only goodnesse, wee may glorifie thy holy name, thorough our only Lord, and Sauiour, Iesus Christ. Amen.

O Almighty God, and heauenly father, from the hande of whose onelie bounty floweth the Riuer of all comfort, and, in

in ỹ fountain of whose grace, is foũd ỹ only water of life; O eternall God, father of all mercy, and God of all glory, who knewest mee before I was, hast made me that I am, and art not ignorant what I shall be, in ỹ worke of thine only will, to the only glory of thy holy name; how shall I vile and wretched worme of this earth, & wicked, sinfull creature of this world, humble my selfe enough at the feete of thy mercy,

mercy, to offer vp vnto thy holy Maiesty, with ỹ teares of my heart, the sacrifice of my soule: Sweete Lord, I am foule, and polluted with iniquitie, & am therfore ashamed to come before thee: I haue beene a Rebell to thy lawes, and am therfore worthy to be banished from thy presence: Yea, I haue so delighted in sinne, that I am afraide of thy iudgement. Oh Lord, I am full of feare, my sinnes are

beſoꝛe mee, my conſcience doth condemne me, and thy Iuſtice falleth heauily vpō mee, and whither then ſhall I fly to helpe mee? if to heauen, I knowe the Aungels will abhoꝛre mee, if to the woꝛlde, it will but further infect mee, and if to hell, it will but toꝛment mee. Is there then no helpe foꝛ me? Yes ſweet Loꝛd: in iudgemēt hath Iuſtice her grace, but in mercie hath Iuſtice her gloꝛie: in ỹ gloꝛie therefoꝛe

foꝛe of thy mercie, I humbly beseech thee loke vpon me: of nothing thou madest me, & being woꝛse then nothing without thee, let me ioy in nothing but thee: be thou the strēgth of my hart against the enemies of my soule, and the life of my loue in the ioy of my spirit; that, being defēded by thy mighty arme, and pꝛeserued by thy holie spirite, in ꝧ gladnesse of my hart, I may sing to thy gloꝛy. Amen.

MOſt mercifull, and Almighty glorious euerliuing and euerlouing God, ỹ comfort of thy ſorowfull, the ioye of thy faithfull, & life of thy beloued, heare, I humbly beſeech thee, the humble prayers, of a penitent ſinner, from the high Throane of thy holy mercy, caſt one good looke of thy comfortable pitty, vpon the wounded ſoule of thy vnworthy ſeruant. O deere Lord, thou knoweſt my ſins, and

and my sorrows are not hid from thee: what shall I doe to be ridde of this foule euil? no Surgeon can launce it, Phisicke can cure it, nor salue can heale it. Oh the wounde of sinne, that corrupteth the heart, cankreth the flesh, and eates into the very soule: is there no way to kill it? shall thy seruant liue in it? and his life die in it? sweete Lord say no, for thou only canst say no: thou hast conquered the au-

thoꝛ of it, thou haſt a reme-
dy againſt it, & canſt whol-
ly conſume it: ſweete Chriſt
therefoꝛe, that knoweſt my
hurte, & haſt my helpe, heare
my cry, & ſend me comfoꝛt:
in thine vnſpeakeable good
neſſe looke mercifully vpon
me, with one dꝛoppe of thy
deare blood, waſh me cleane
frō my iniquities, with one
ſparke of thy grace, enter in-
to my ſoule, and rebuke the
wicked fiend that he follow
me no moꝛe: ſaue me out of
the

ỹ claws of the serpent, keepe from the assaults of the diuell, and deliuer mee from the malice of the wicked: Let me humbly seeke thee, truely finde thee, faithfully loue thee, and continually liue to thee: make mee hate the worlde for thy loue, and forsake my selfe to follow thee: dissolue me into teares, to fill the bottle of thy mercie, consume me into sighs to make a sacrifice to thy glory, make me nothing my

selfe

ſelfe to be wholly thy ſer-
uant: do with me what thou
wilt, ſo I may be to thy holy
will. Let me die to ſinne, &
liue to grace, that in ỳ true
fruits of repentance, I may
glorifie thy holy name: and
in the ioy of my ſoule, I may
ſing to thy glory. Amen.

O moſt mercifull and al-
mighty God, Lord of
all comfort, loue, and life,
in whoſe holy ſight is no
mā righteous, whoſe wrath
no

no man is able to abide, & whose power no man is able to resist: O glorious king, before the feete of whose eternall maiestie, the very Angels doe tremble, the powers of Heauen doe shake, and the mountaines are readie to melt, how shal this sinfull and wretched soule of mine, that with so many horrible sinnes hath offended the glory of thine vnspeakeable goodnes, presume before the seate of thy

thy ſacred pittie, wᵗ the leaſt hope of thy mercy. In my ſelfe is nothing but ſin, & iniquity, both hatefull in thy ſight: to my ſin belōgeth nothing but horror & cōfuſion, by ẏ iudgemēt of thy vnpartiall iuſtice: and how then can I looke for any thing in my ſelfe, but hel, & dāmation! Dear god, I cōfeſſe vnto thy diuine Maieſtie, ſuch is ẏ nature of my corruption, as giues me no other expectation, whiles I looke vpō mine owne

owne desert: but when againe, with the humble eye of a penitent heart, I beholde the bleeding wounds of the blessed bodie of thy dearely beloued sonne Jesus Christ, and see in his merite a present helpe for all my hurte, in his death, my life, and in his loue, my eternall consolation; how can I despaire of one droppe of comfort? where I see a fountaine of so much grace, as quencheth ý thirst of all ý come

come vnto it, ioyeth ẏ harts of all that taſte of it, and reuiueth the ſoules of all that drinke of it: No, my deare Lord, in him alone, I humbly beſeech thee, looke vpon mee, in his woundes let me hide me, till in his merite, thy mercie heale mee: I dare not ſpeake to thee: let himonely ſpeake for me, beholde his goodneſſe, and not my wickedneſſe, looke on him that hath pleaſed thee, and for his ſake forget mee that

that haue offended thee: it is I that haue deserued death for my sinnes; but it is he that hath dyed for thē; and since hee hath satisfied thy iustice, in him let mee begge mercy: mercy good Lord, Lord of all mercy be merciful vnto me, in Christ his passion forgiue mee, in his lone looke vpon me, let his blosde wash mee cleane from my sins, and his kindnesse be a Mediatour for my comfort: that, being by him re-

redeemed to thy ſeruice, I may in his loue, liue to thy glorie, and in the comfort of thy holy ſpirite, in the bleſſing of his merit, and ioy of thy mercie, I may ſing to thy holie Maieſtie, the eternall Halleluiah. Amen.

O Bleſſed Lord, father of all goodneſſe & mercie, who ſeeſt the very thoughts of men, before they be effected, and knoweſt the world be-

before it was created; O incomprehensible GOD, whose vnsearchable wisdome is vnspeakeable in all goodnesse, who hast made the heauens for thy beloued, and beholdest on earth the teares of thy afflicted; who onely canst doe all things at thy good pleasure, & art pleased in nothing but goodnes: sweete Lord ý hast mercy ouer all thy works and art the onelie worker of all mercie, who hast com-

commaunded al to come vn-
to thee, heerest all that cry
vnto thee, and helpest all
that trust in thee; deare god
among the humble heartes
of those penitēt soules, that,
with the teares of true re-
pentance, in the faith of thy
sonnes merit, fly onely to
thy sacred mercy, I most
humbly beseech thee, vouch-
safe thy gratious eare, to ỹ
grieuous complainte of my
tormented spirit: oh Lord,
that hast enlightened my
soule

soule w̄ the shining beames of thy grace, that hath taken awaie the scales from mine eyes, that would not let mee see the heauen of thy holy loue, hast, in the pretious blood of thy deare beloued sonne Jesus, cleansed mee from my sinnes, and in the sweetenes of thy loue giuen me a taste of thy selfe, hast reformed my soule to thy seruice, & anewe moulded my minde to thy mercy, sweete Lord I humbly be-

ſeech thee, let not all this good be loſt in me, that thou haſt done for me; giue mee not ouer to my ſelfe, that ſinne doe not ouercome me, but keepe mee ſo vnder thy winges, that no wicked ſpirit may haue power ouer mee. Thou knoweſt my tẽptations, oh deliuer me from them: rebuke thoſe wicked ſpirits, that I may be ridde of them, and confound their illuſions, that I be not deceiued by them. O Lord cõſider

sider my miseries, I am a wretched sinner, dust and ashes, ful of nothing but corruptiō, weaknes & iniquity, & thou art a glorious God, spirit & life, creator of al cōfort, & only ful of al power, goodnes, & glory: sweet Lord therfore in thy pitty looke vpon me, make me strong in thee, ý am weak in my selfe, wise in thee, ý am foolish in my selfe, & holy in thee, ý am wicked in my selfe; be merciful vnto me, & helpe mee,

plague thē ẏ ſeeke ẏ hurt of my ſoule, & confound them ẏ ſeeke to drawe me from thy loue. From the loue of this worlde, from the delight of ſinne, and from the aſſaults of the diuell, good Lord deliuer mee: from preſumptuous ſinnes, and deſpaire of thy mercy, ſweete Ieſu preſerue mee. Hate me not for my ſinnes, but pittie mee for thy ſelfe; oh ſaue me, for I am thy ſeruant: beholde the ſorrowes of my ſoule, I haue

haue roared for the very disquiet of my heart; oh blesse mee with the peace of thy holie spirite, that I may sing to the glory of thy mercy. Amen.

O Blessed God, father of all power, mercy, & comfort, whose graces are infinite, and whose glory is vnspeakeable: O God of all goodnesse, who canst not be but good, whose goodnesse is almighty, & whose

power is ful of mercy: ſweet Lord that ſeeſt the miſery of man, without the comfort of thy grace, the weakenes of man, without ỹ aſſiſtance of thy holy ſpirit, and the ſorrowe of man, without the ioy of thy loue, let not the burthen of ſinne, lie ſo heauie vpon the wounded conſcience of thy wretched creature, that harty prayers may obtain no hearing, true repentance may gaine no comfort, nor bitter teares

moue

moue any compassion; let not the wicked fiend so haūt ẏ soule of a sinner, ẏ he haue no thought of thy grace: let not the cares of this worlde, ẏ feare of death, the sorrow of sinne, nor the suggestion of the diuell driue him into despaire of thy mercy: looke on him whome thou hast made, hear him whom thou hast called, and saue him whom thou hast redeemed, heale the heart that is wounded, and comforte the

ſoule that is full of ſorrowe; in thy power fight for mee againſt the enemy that doth aſſault my ſoule, in thy goodneſſe cure me of the ill wherwith he hath infected mee, and in thy mercie defende mee from the temptations, wherewith hee ſeeketh to deſtroy mee. Thou art my life, oh let mee liue in thee: thou art my loue, let me neuer be from thee: thou art my Lord, let me liue but to thee: thou art my God, oh let

let mee euer be with thee: I haue sinned, and woe is mee, but I am sorry, & well is mee: for in the sorrowe of my sinne, is my hope of thy mercie, and in the hope of thy mercie, is the ioy of my soule. Thou biddest mee repent, and I shall haue mercie, aske, and I shall haue, knocke, and it shall be opened vnto mee: O my deare God, with the deepe sighes of vnfained sorrowe, and the true teares of my

my hearts repentance, haue I knocked at the gates of thy gratious mercie, begging an almes from ỹ hand of thy bleſſed bountie, one crumme of comfort from the table of thy mercie, one looke of pittie from the eye of thy loue, one droppe of thy bloode to cleanſe mee from my ſinnes, one droppe of thy grace to feede the lampe of my loue, and one looke of thy loue to make me liue for euer. Sweete

Jeſu

Jesu seeme not deafe to me, who heareſt all that cry vnto thee, but open the gates of thy mercie, and let in the ſoule of thy vnworthy ſeruant: that being raviſhed with the ioy of thy preſēce, I may ſing aloude, to thy glory. Amen.

O Moſt mercifull God, the fountaine of all goodneſſe, and glorie of mercie, who ſeeſt ẏ̄ ioyes of the

the ſoule, that is touched w̄ the finger of thy loue, and knoweſt the ſorrowes of the heart, that languiſheth in the griefe of thy diſpleaſure: I humbly beſeech thee haue mercy vpon the afflicted ſpirite of thy poore vnworthy creature: who ſometime is raviſhed with the admiration of thy goodneſſe, but no ſooner falleth from the hande of thy mercie, but is readie through the illuſion of ſinne, to drowne in the ſea

sea of iniquitie; where, how deepe are the sorrowes of the repentant, let thy seruant Peter be a witnesse. But, what is a plant, that hath no earth to growe in? What is a fish that hath no water to swimme in? what is the heart that hath no loue to liue in? and what is the soule, that hath not thy spirite to ioy in? Oh, when thy seruant Peter was rauished, in the sweetenesse of his ioy, he forgat ỹ greatnesse

nesse of thy goodnesse, when presuming of his owne power, he remembred not the gift of thy grace: who then saide, hee would die for thy loue, but shortly after denyed thee, & thy loue: in the feeling time of thy loue, death was sweete to his imagination, but in ẏ withdrawing time of thy mercy, life was sweet to his corruption; in ẏ ioyfull time of thy loue, hee was like a plant ẏ flourished by the river side, who, in the ground

groũd of thy grace did prosper wt the deaw of thy mercy: but no sooner fell from the blessing of thy holy spirit but he was like a blasted stock, ỹ loosing his sap was ready to be cut down, & cast into ỹ fier: but sweete Lord, thou didst tel him his folly, & correct him for his fault: thou shewedst him his weakenesse, and thou gauest him strẽgth, he loued thee, & thou knewst it; yet he forgot thee and thou sawest it; but how sweetly

ſweetly didſt thou deale w̄ him: Thou didſt loue him e-uer, & didſt leaue him but for a while. Thou keptſt ſap in ẏ roote, that made the tree to flouriſh, and to bringe forth much fruite: yea to him, who had thruſt himſelfe out of Paradiſe, thou gaueſt the keies of heauen gates. Howe greate then is thy goodneſſe: that forgiuing offences, wilt ioy the hearte with ſuch gladneſſe. Sweete Chriſt, thou ſaweſt

sawest his sorrow with his sinne, and setting the one against the other, diddest cure him of both; his words were heinous in denying of thee: but his teares were bitter that hee shedde for thee: when thy hande of mercie wiping away ỹ one, would not let thee looke on the other: Such was thy regarde of his loue, as put his sinnes out of thy remembrance. O sweete Jesu, is thy mercie closed vp into so

narrowe a compasse, that only Peter hath the benefit of thy blessing? No, my dear loue, I know thou art almighty, all good, & all glorious: thy mercie is ouer all thy workes and I am one of them whom thou hast made: thou camest to call sinners to repentance, and with confession of mine vnrighteousnesse, I cry vnto thee for mercy: thine eares are open vnto all, and therefore I know thou wilt heare me,

me, thine eyes beholde all things, & therefore I know, with my sins my sorrowes are not hid from thee: thou art good to all that trust in thee, and therefore my hope is onely in thee: but where Peter denied thee once, I haue denyed thee too often, & where he repẽted in tears, I haue continued in sins, he therfore obtained mercy, & I haue deserued punishmẽt: but yet at what time soeuer a sinner repẽteth him of his

from the bottom of his hart, thou haſt promiſed, ſweete Lord, that thou wilt put all his wickedneſſe out of thy remembrance: thy promiſe is trueth, & thy truthe can not faile, and therefore in the faith of thy trueth, wᵗ the teares of ſorrowe I fly to the comfort of thy mercy: I dare not boaſt of my loue, my ſoule hath beene ſo blotted with iniquitie; but cry in the ſorrowe of my ſinne, O lord thinke vpon mee in thy

thy mercie, and though I be not Peter, yet be thou Christ. I come not to him to be let in at thy gates, but cry vnto thee for the comfort of thy mercie, most humbly beseeching thee, to forgiue me my wickednesse, and to inspire mee with thy goodnesse; that if I slide, yet I may not greatly fall, but in the feeling of thy mercie, I may lay downe my life in thy loue, and in the comfort of such grace, giue

thee wholly ỹ glozy: let no cocke crowe at my deniall of thee, but the Angels reioyce at my confeſſion of thee: yea let my ſoule be ſo rauiſhed with the loue of thee, that I may ioy in nothinge but thee, and in the ioyfull ioy of my ſoule, ſing to thee, the onely true, due, and eternall Halleluiah. Amen.

Bleſſed

BLessed Lord, and Lord of al blessednesse, father of all mercy, and God of all goodnesse, who out of the aboundance of thy heauenly store, dost enrich the soules of thy beloued seruantes, and sufferest none to perish, that put their trust in thy mercie, looke I humbly beseech thee, vpon the miserable neede of my distressed soule, which pining thorough the wante of

thy grace, cryeth vnto the glorie of thy pitty; Merciful Lord, be mercifull vnto me, the sorrowes of my hart are enlarged, oh bring thou me out of my troubles: many are the sorrowes, that I endure, but most in the cold feeling of thy comfort; for, when I faine would seeke after thee, the cares of this worlde, the corruption of the flesh, and the illusions of the diuell are readie to drawe mee from thee: in thy word

word I haue beene vnfaith-
full, for thy blessings vn-
thankefull, and if thy ser-
uice vndutifull: if thou cor-
rect me, I am vnpatient, if
thou forbeare me, I am vn-
gratious, and in thou en-
treate mee, I am vnkinde.
Thus euery way, wo is me.
I am so full of iniquitie,
that goodnesse hath almost
no place in me: sinne hath
taken such holde vpon mee,
that despaire hath almost
possest mee; but yet sweete
Lord,

Lord, if thou but touch ỹ heart, al the bodie wil haue health, and if it pleaſe thee to comfort the ſoule, how can the heart be agrieued? O deare God, at thy rebuke the windes were downe, the waues were calme, the ſhip was ſafe, and thy diſciples were ioyfull: at the touch of thy finger, the blinde receiued their ſight, and at the ſounde of thy voice, a legion of diuels ranne away. O Lord, all power is in thy will,

will, and all glorie is in thy mercie : in thy glorious mercie therefore I humbly beseech thee looke vpon me, deliuer me from ỹ troubles that in the depth of sorrow seeke the drowning of my soule, touch the eyes of my heart with the finger of thy mercie, that beholding the glorie of thy goodnesse, it may humble it selfe to thy seruice, and driue from mee all those wicked Spirites, that doe hower-

hourely torment mee with temptations: O Lord thou knowest my heart, & hast seene my soule in aduersities: thou hast euer been my comfort in my troubles; oh leaue mee not to the will of mine aduersaries. O deare God, thou hast created mee for thy selfe, and wilt thou not knowe mee in thy selfe? Thou hast redeemed me by thy selfe, and wilt thou put mee from thy selfe? yea thou hast comforted me with thy selfe,

selfe, and wilt thou not take mee to thy selfe? yes, my sweete Lord, though sinne hath wounded mee, thy mercie can heale mee, and thy word doth assure mee, that thou wilt haue mercie vpon mee: thy blood is not so dry, but thou hast one droppe for my comfort. Thou art the good sheepeheard that wilt loose none of thy flocke, and thou art alwaies with mee, for thy right hand doth vphold me: great are my troubles,

bles, but thou canſt deliuer me out of al: yea in the midſt of my calamities, thy rod and thy ſtaffe doe comfort mee: Sweete Lord, therefore beholde my confeſſion, and accept my ſubmiſſion, forgiue mee my ſinnes, and comfort mee with thy graces, ſtrengthen my faith, and bleſſe my beliefe in thee: humble my ſoule in thy mercie, and let mee not [illegible] vnutifull in thy ſeruice; make me thankfull in the

the labour of my loue, vnto the mercie of thy holie Maiestie; giue mee patience in thy correction, repentance in thy forbearãce, and true ioy but in thy loue: so being wholly wrought vnto thee, longing euer for thee, and ioying onely in thee, I may most ioyfully sing with thy seruant Dauid; The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance. Goe the worlde to whome it will, my soule, ioy thou one-

onely in the Lord, knowing that hee hath giuen himselfe to the crosse for thy comfort: him onely loue, him onely serue, and to him onely giue all glory, worlde without end. Amen.

BE mercifull vnto mee, O God, be merciful vnto me, for man goeth about to deuoure me, he is dailie fighting, and troubling me: so many are the occasions of euill that drawe mee from thee

that thou hatest nothing ý thou hast made, delightest not in the death of a sinner, but art glorious in thy mercy, sweete Jesu, suffer not Sathan, nor any wicked spirit, so to gouerne in the worlde, as to drawe thy people from thee: but blesse them with thy holy spirite, that they may knowe thee for ev-

and all the creatures there-
in power to giue their en-
crease, yea and themselues
to the seruice of man, giue
him power in the humilitie
of his soule, and thankful-
nesse of heart, to giue thy
gratious Maiesty, some
fruits of thy blessing, yea &
vō all that he hath to giue
himselfe wholly to thy ser-
made

who was made only by thee and for thee. Let him not liue in corruption, that was framed in perfection; thou art his GOD, and hee is thy creature, thou art his father, make him thy childe, thou art his Lord, keepe him thy seruant, thou art his euer life, oh let him not die for euer: no creature on earth, that liueth only to it selfe, but all to thy glorie, and shall onely

man liue onely to himſelfe, and ſo be vnthankfull to thy goodneſſe: ſweete Lord forbid, hatefull be that nature of iniquitie, that draweth man out of Paradiſe, and throweth him headlõg into hell, fie on that accurſed fiend, that ſo bewitcheth the ſoule with the delight of ſin, and wo be to vnhappy man that ſo forgetteth ỳ godnes of his God: but yet ſweete Ieſu, my Lord, my maſter my father, my king, and my God,

God, looke I humbly beseech thee, vpon thy wretched creature, thy vnworthy seruant, thy vngodlie childe, and thy rebellious subiect: in thy mercy looke vpon mee, looke vpon my repentance, not my rebellions; my sorrowes, not my sinnes; my teares, not mine iniquities: heale my woũds, for they are corrupted, and wash me cleane, for I am fowly infected: keepe mee from the inchaunting charmes

mes of all wicked ſpi-
rites, and in the wiſ-
dome of thy holy ſpi-
rite, deliuer mee from
the illuſions of the wic-
ked fiende: make ſinne
hatefull vnto my ſoule,
and in the wiſdome of thy
grace, make the whole ioy
of my life: oh let mee loue
thee aboue my ſelfe, and
hate my ſelfe, but in thy
loue: let mee not ſee the la-
bour of all thinges, and
thy labour in all thinges,
and

and my selfe idlely doe nothing, that may glorifie thy goodnesse: the earth giues mee of her fruite, and shall I giue thee no fruite? thou hast in heauen a place for mee, and shall I not seeke the way to thee? O my deare GOD haue mercie vpon mee; better had I neuer beene borne, then to liue to be borne away frõ thee. What is the whole world to mee, if I loose mine owne

owne ſoule: & in what caſe is my ſoule, if I want the bleſſing of thy grace: haue mercy therefore vpon mee, I beſeech thee, and preſerue my ſoule, for I am thy ſeruant: make mee to labour in the vertuous vineyard of thy holy will, and by the inſpiration of thy holy ſpirit, bring forth of my heart the humble fruites of thy holy loue; that in profiting my neighbour, in the bleſſing of thy grace, I may glo-

riſie

rise thy holy Maiesty, and in the ioy of my soule in the peace of thy mercie, I may sing to thy glory. Amen.

O Glorious God of all power and pittie, to whose onely mercie belongeth the title of eternal Maiesty, who by the wisdome of thine owne will hast framed all things to thy service, and worke in them all to the glorie of thine only worthinesse, O deare

God

GOD, that art the true ſubſtance of comfort, to the humble ſoules of thy beloued, and ſeeſt the ſorrowes of thy humble ſeruantes, when thou withdraweſt thy hande of thy mercie; in the glorious goodneſſe of thy grace, I beſeech thee, thinke on the number of thy afflicted creatures, amonge whome, moſt needefull, though moſt vnworthie thy mercie, let this poore wretched, woun-

wounded, and afflicted ſoule of mine begge one beame of thy bleſſed pittie, to reuiue this dolefull, and halfe deade heart of my almoſt deſpairing ſpirite; oh ſtrengthen my faith in thy holie worde, waſhe mee cleane from my ſinnes, and make mee to feele the ioye of thy mercie: let thy worde bee a Lanthorne to my feete, and a lighte vnto my pathes,

pathes, and teach mee the way that I ſhall walke in, for I betake my ſelfe wholly vnto thee: let mee ſay with thy ſeruant Dauid, O that my waies were made ſo direct, that I might not offend my God. O deare Lord, great was his happineſſe in thy grace, that had ſuch a feeling of thy bleſſing, to haue ſuch a loathing to the worlde, for thy loue: bleſſed, and ten times bleſſed were my ſoule, had it ſuch

such a feeling of thy grace: but I may rather cry, woe is mee that euer I was borne, to liue so long in the sinke of so much sinne, that looking on the filth of my soule, I am ashamed to looke vp toward thy mercy: yet when againe I remember the Leapers that thou hast cleansed, the sins that thou hast pardoned, and the soules that thou hast comforted, I can say to my selfe, oh my soule, why art thou so

ſo diſquieted within mee? knowing the goodneſſe of thy God: and then in the teares of true repentance on the knees of my hearte, in the humilitie of my ſoule cry vnto thee: O deare God, remember not the ſinnes of my youth, forgiue mee all my offences, cleanſe mee from my iniquities, & take me againe vnto thy grace: O Lord, let me feele a little of ẏ louing kindneſſe, wherewith thou doſt glad the heart of

of thy beloued, let me think w̃ thy seruant Paul, ẏ all the treasure of this world is but trash, compared to the rich iewell of thy loue: O sweete Christ, so comfort me w̃ thy selfe, ẏ in the gladnesse of thy goodnesse, I may sing with thy seruant Simeon, whẽ he had the in his arms: Lord, now lettest thou thy seruant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes haue seen thy saluation. Blessed were his eyes ẏ so

liued

liued to beholde thee, and bleſſed were my ſoule, if it could ſo liue to embrace thee: but my deare GOD, ſince the corruption of ſinne will not ſuffer mee in this world to beholde thee, I humbly beſeech thee, mortifie the delight of ſinne in mee, that it may haue no power to drawe mee from thee, that when I haue finiſhed the daies of the impriſonment of my ſoule in this darkeſome caue of this my

thee, that I knowe not almost how to come to thee: yet sweete Lord, though I am fearefull of thy displeasure, I despaire not of thy mercie; for though thou awest thy children, yet dost thou not terrifie thy seruants, & whom once thou hast chosen, they can neuer be forsaken: for thou art the comfort of the afflicted, and the ioy of thy sorrowfull: and therefore in the sorrowe of my soule doe I flie onelie to

to thy mercy, for my cõfort: thou cleanſeſt their eyes, ẏ wold, & cãnot ſee thee, thou openeſt their eares, ẏ would & can not heare thee: yea, thou ſtrẽgtheneſt their faith ẏ cõfes their vnbelief vnto thee. O lord therfore of thy goodneſſe, cleare my blindnes, ẏ haue wandred awry from ẏ way of thy holy will, heale me of my deafeneſſe, ẏ haue too long harkened vnto the follies of ẏ world, & ſtrengthen my beliefe, that hath bin

bin too weake in thy holy word: so shall mine eies be euer looking towards thee, mine eares shal be delighted with ỳ hearing of thy voice, and my soule shal reioyce in the faith of thy mercie: yea my hart shall loue thee, and my lips shal prayse thee: hear me therefore sweet Lord & helpe me, haue mercy vpon mee, & bring me out of my troubles, that in the rest of thy mercy, I may sing to thy glory. Amen.

MY God, my God, looke vpon mee. take not vengeance of my sins, but spare mee whom thou hast redemed with thy most precious bloode, and be not angry wᵗ mee for euer: so many are ye sorrowes that compasse mee in on euery side, as without the greater feeling of thy mercy, wil confound ye hope of my comfort. O sweete Lord, I goe mourning all the day long, and all with feare of thy displeasure, which

which I confesse I haue de-
serued, & therfore am iustly
punished; but sweete father
haue mercie vpon mee, be-
holde the teares of true re-
pentance, that in the bitter-
nesse of vnfained sorrow, in
the humilitie of my soule,
cry vnto thy blessed patience
for one droppe of thy pittie:
louing father, looke vpon
mee, and stroake mee with
the hand of thy cõfort, whom
thou hast stricken, with the
rodd of thy correction: chide

but be not angry, let not thy wrath burne like fire, that art ſo glorious in thy mercie: turne thy face from my ſinnes, and blot out all mine iniquities out of thy remembrance, out of the hel of my miſeries, take mee to the heauen of thy mercies: let mee feele thy louing kindneſſe in the morning, that I may ſing all day of thy goodneſſe: woe is mee that euer I ſwarued from thee, and well onely

were

were it with me, if I could euer be with thee: O God of all perfection haue patience with my corruption, O Lord of all goodnesse forgiue mee my wickednesse, and O king of all glorie, comfort me with one crūme of thy mercie: thou hast created mee in thy power, redeemed mee in thy loue, and in thy holy spirite sanctified mee; and wilt thou now forsake mee, that hast done all this

good for mee? No, ſweete Lord, thou art wiſe, and knoweſt what is meete for me, though I knowe not what is good for my ſelfe; but, ſweete Lord, I humbly beſeech thee, helpe mine ignorance, and make mee to knowe what is conuenient for mee, in thy holy will, ý thou chaſteneſt, whom thou loueſt, and therefore I may take comfort in thy correction: that ſcourges are but trials of thy loue, where patience

tience is a blessing of thy mercie; while faith is neuer destitute of comfort, that is laid vp for euer in thy loue: thus deare Lord I humbly beseech thee to deale with thy vnworthy seruant, that if I be plagued with Iob, I may haue patience w̄ Iob, if I haue Paules troubles, I may haue Pauls faith, and Pauls loue: so in the feeling of my ioyes wil my sorrows be forgotten, and in the ioy of thy loue shall I reioyce for

foꝛ euermoꝛe: but, my deare Lord, Iob was a iuſt man, and feared to offend thee, & I am a wicked wꝛetch that haue not feared to diſpleaſe thee: Paul was faithful thoꝛough thy grace, and I am fearefull thꝛough my ſinne, and theꝛefoꝛe their troubles turned to their ioyes, while my puniſhments are continuall toꝛments: yet ſweete Lord Ieſu, I can not ſo foꝛget thee, but I muſt needes come to thee; and though aſhamed

shamed to come before thee, yet behinde thee, to touch ỳ hemme of thy garment: I haue beene vnfaithfull, oh helpe my vnbeliefe, and in the sweetenesse of thy mercie, shewe the greatnesse of thy glorie: thou sauedst Peter frō drowning in the sea, oh saue me from sinking into sinne, thou sauedst Daniel in the Lyons denne, oh saue mee from the mouthes of my Lyonishe enemies, thou tookest Ionas out of the Whales

Whales belly, oh take mee out of the whale of this helish world: thou sauest all that trust in thee, oh saue mee that trust onely but in thee: in thee sweete Lord, the onely life of my loue, & whole ioy of my heart-heare me therfore, I beseech thee, and in thy mercie helpe me: among the number of thy elected, let mee be one of thy beloued, that in the traine of thine Aungels, though ỳ least in thy kingdome, yet in

in the ioy of my soule I may sing to thy glorie. Amen.

ETernall power of eternall peace, holy, and almightie glorie of incomprehensible Maiesty, most mercifull and only good God, who hast made all thinges by thy power, by thy mercie preseruest them, and by thy wisdome dost gouern them, sweete Lord, deare life, liuing loue, who hast created

all

all thinges for man, and man only for thy ſeruice; who letteſt nothing be idle that may worke to thy glory, and art thyſelfe euer in working to the only glorie of thy goodneſſe, who cauſeſt the windes to blowe, the clowdes to raine, and ỳ earth to giue her increaſe, and all for the ſeruice of man, and him only, aboue all creatures thou haſt bleſſed with reaſon to iudge betwixt good and euill, and ha-

hauing gouernment ouer all things on earth, to be gouerned only by thy most gratious goodnesse; sweete Lord, that seest the very senseleſſe creatures all in their natures, holde the due of their obedience, in their seruice to thy glorie, onely man, to whom the mercie of thy holie Maiestie, hath giuen a spirit of higher blessing, wherwith to glorify thy holy good-

goodnesse, and for that thou hast done for him, asketh nothing, but to acknowledge thy bounty, and to giue thankes to thy glory yet seest how this creature of thy loue, framed neerest to thine owne image, in forgetfulnesse of thy grace, is become vnthankfull to thy glorie, giues eare to illusiõs, breaks thy commaundement, and runnes headlong to destruction, without the greater holde of thy mercie, yet in that

my wretched carkas being freed from the hell of sinne, by the merit of thy mercie, in the libertie of my loue, I may see the ioy of my soule, and in the ioy of thy gratious goodnesse, I may sing, to thy glorious maiestie, the only endlesse Hallelujah. Amen.

O Glorious God, who from ỹ heauẽly throne of thy holy mercie, beholdest all the dwellers vpon ỹ

earth, and ſeeſt the eſſence of euery ſubſtance, which no ſhadowe can hide from thy ſight, O God of al true wiſdome and goodneſſe, who ſeeſt the very hearts of all creatures, and knoweſt the thoughts of all ỳ world, yea before the worlde was, in the aboũdãce of thy mercie, caſt one look of thy gratious eye, vpon the ſorowfull ſoule of thy vnworthie ſeruant: vnworthie I confeſſe my ſelfe to appeare before

fore thy presence, so hideous is the horrour of my sinne in thy sight: yet when I knowe, that from corruption thou canst looke for no perfection, and that mercie in iustice sheweth the glorie of thy goodnesse, I had rather say with thy seruant Dauid, If my sinnes were as red as scarlet, thou canst make me as white as snow, then to cry out with Cain, my sins are greater thē I can bear: O my dear Lord

thou haſt called al vnto thee that are laden, & thou wilt eaſe them: and to thee I come ſo laden with ſinne in my ſoule, that I can ſcarce looke vp to thy mercie: heare mee therefore I humbly beſeech thee, and in the greatneſſe of thy mercie, eaſe me of this heaute burthen of my ſinne: O Lord, I confeſſe to thee, I was conceiued, and borne in ſinne, and in tranſgreſſions of thy commandemēts, haue I waſted the

the weary daies of my life: yet, sweete Lord, when I knowe, thy wisdome beholdeth the weakenesse of my corruption, and thy mercie considereth the sorrowe of my repentance, I am emboldened in thy worde to come vnto thee, and on the knees of my heart to cry vnto thee; O Lord haue mercie vpon mee, beholde the worke of thine own hands, lose not whome thou hast redeemed, regenerate whom

thou ſeeſt corrupted, heale him whome ſinne hath wounded, and performe the grace that thou haſt promiſed; that being cured of ſinne, and with thy grace comforted in the loue of my hart, & ioy of my ſoule, I may ſing to thy glorie, the eternall Hailelujah. Amen.

The

THe lord he is my ſheep-
heard, that doth feede
My ſoule full ſweetely
by the riuer ſide,
And will not let mee
nibble on a weede,
Where hee doth knowe
there may my hurt abide.

He will not let the Wolfe
come neere the folde,
Where he hath laide
his louing flocke to reſt,
Nor will hee let them
bide the bitter colde,

But

But ſweetly warmes them
from his ſunny breaſt.

Along the paſtures faire,
and freſh, and greene,
He leades them forth,
for their beſt liues behoue,
Nor euer yet was there
confuſion ſeene
Of any flocke, that hee
doth fairely loue.

Hee doth not robbe them
of a locke of wooll,
But kindely calles them

to

to their faireſt folde,
Nor doth he vſe the cunning
how to cull
The fat from leane,
nor yoūg ones frō the old,

But all alike hee loues
whom he doth keepe,
And if that any ſtray
out of the plaine,
Vpon his ſhoulders hee
brings home that ſheep,
And ſings for ioy to haue
his lambe againe.

The

The winters worme, nor yet
the ſummers flie
Can once anoy the ſmalleſt
lambe of his:
But they ſhall ſtill encreaſe,
and neuer die,
But euer liue
in euerlaſting bliſſe.

He giues them water
from the liuing rocke,
Where neuer yet did
harmefull thought arriue:
Yea hee ſo dearely lou'd
his little flocke,

That

That hee did die, to saue
his sheepe aliue.

But shall (oh Lord)
this sinfull soule of mine,
So many waies
with miseries oppresst,
Become a lambe of that
faire flocke of thine,
And feede with them
when they are fairely blest?

Then, when I heare my
louing sheepeheard call,
My faithfull soule vnto
her

Bretton, N.

her faireſt folde,
I will forſake theſe worldly
pleaſures all,
And only ioy
my Ieſus to beholde.

FINIS.

THe foole hath ſaide
within his heart,
Hee thinks there is no God:
But hee ſhall finde
for his deſart,
The Lord his heauie rodde.

For

For when the Lord
beginnes to frowne,
But with an angry eye,
Then Sathans power
shall all goe downe,
And all his dogges shall die.

And then the reprobate
shall finde
There is a God indeede,
Who at his pleasure
with a winde,
Can shake thē like a reede.

And by the rootes

can

can teare them vp,
And fling thē down again,
And make them taſte
the fiery cuppe
Of euerlaſting paine.

For though a while
God lets them liue,
And in their brauery bide,
Yet in the end
his hand will giue
A plague to all their pride:

Till when he lets them
walke the path

Their

Their wickednesse hath trod,
Vntill, by feeling
of his wrath,
They know there is a God.

And then too late
they howle and cry, (grief
And gnash their teeth for
And euer liue,
and euer die,
And neuer haue relese,

When they shall see
before their face
The ougly shapes of sinne,
that

That on the earth
in euery place,
They tooke their pleaſurs in:

Where euery diuell
ſhall haue power
The damned to diſeaſe,
And not a minute
of an hower
Shall giue thē hope of eaſe.

While in the heauens
the choſen folke,
Without all thought of ſtrife,
Shall ſit aboue
the

the mountaine rocke
Of euerlasting life.

And virgins, with the
Angels sweete,
Shall sit, and play, and sing:
And mercie, grace,
and truthe shall meete
To glorifie their king.

And my poore soule,
that hath no ioy,
But in my liuing Lord,
Shall ioy to see
my God destroy
The scorners of his word.

O that my heart coulde
hit vpon a ſtraine,
Would ſtrike the muſick
of my ſoules deſire:
Or that my ſoule could find
that ſacred vaine
That ſets the conſort
of the Angels quire.

Or thatthat ſpirit
of eſpeciall grace,
That cannot ſtoupe
beneath the ſtate of heauē
Within my ſoule wold take
his ſettled place,

With

With Angels *ens*,
to make his glory euen.

Then ſhould the name
of my moſt gratious king,
And glorious god, in higher
tunes be ſounded
Of heauenlie praiſe, then
earth hath power to ſing:
Where earth and heauen
and Aungels are confoũded,

And ſoules may ſing while al
hearts ſtrings are broken.
His praiſe is more

thē can in praiſe be ſpokē.

IF I could ſet downe
twenty thouſand waies,
And twentie thouſand
thouſand, thouſand moe,
To penne his higheſt
heauenly comforts praiſe,
That will not ſee
my ſpirits ouerthowe:

If I could thinke
of nothing els but glory,
And in the higheſt,
higheſt, higheſt height,

to

To ſhewe the ſtate
of that celeſtiall ſtory,
Where Aungels wonders
in their honours waite:

If all the powers of heauen
& earth would meete,
And all acknowledge
all their powers too little,
To ſhew the ſmalleſt
of his ſmalleſt ſweete,
Yet, to his title,
All were but a tittle,

Then ſince no thoughts
can

can to his praiſe be raiſed,
Aboue all praiſes
Let my God be praiſed:

While the Aungels
all are ſinging,
All of glory
euer ſpringing,
In the grounde
of high heauens graces,
Where all vertues
haue their places,
Oh that my poore heart
were neare them,
With an humble ſoule

to heare them.

Then ſhould faith
in loues ſubmiſſion,
Ioying but in
mercies bleſſing,
Where that ſinnes
are in remiſſion,
Sing the ioyfull
ſoules confeſſing
Of her comforts
high commending,
All in glory
neuer ending,

But ah wretched,
ſinfull creature,
How ſhould the
corrupted nature
Of this wicked
heart of mine
Thinke vpon
that loue diuine,
That doth tune
the Aungels voice,
While the hoaſtes
of heauen reioyce!

No, the ſonge of
deadly ſorrowe,

In the night,
that hath no morrowe,
And their paines
(not eas'd, not ended)
That haue heauenly
powers offended,
Are more fitting
to the merit
Of my foule
infected spirit.

Yet, while mercie
is remooving
All the sorrowes
of the louing,

how

How can faith
be full of blindeneſſe,
To deſpaire of
mercies kindneſſe,
While the hande
of heauen is giuing
Comfort, from the
euerliuing?

No, my ſoule
be no more ſory,
Looke vnto that
life of glory
Which the grace of
faith regardeth,

and

And the teares
of loue rewardeth:
Where the ſoule
the comfort getteth
That the Aungels
muſicke ſetteth,

There, when thou
art well conducted,
And by heauenly
grace inſtructed,
How the faithfull
thoughts to faſhion
Of a rauiſht
louers paſſion,
Sing with Saints,

to Aungels nigheſt,
Halleluiah,
in the higheſt.

OH that my heart
could neuer ceaſe to ſing
The holy praiſes
of my heauenly king:
And that my minde
could think vpon no bliſſe,
But of the grace
wherein his glory is.

And that my tongue
could talke of nothing elſe,
But

But of the wonders
of his worthinesse:
And that mine eye could see
but where hee dwels,
Who is the height
of vertues holinesse,

And that my tongue
could like no other taste,
But of his flesh
that is the spirits foode:
And that my soule might
sweare a solemne fast
For one pure droppe
of his deare pretious blood.

that

That at my ſong
the Aungels might reioyce,
To heare the muſicke
of a ſinners voice.

HElpe, cryes my hearte,
not frõ the helliſh place
This wretched world
nor all the wealth therein,
But from the God
of that high heauenly grace
Whoſe only mercie
doth all glory winne.

Hee, hee alone,

that

that sees the sinners teares
Distilling from
a true repentant heart,
And will not let
him perish in those feares,
That make the waie
to an infernall smart:

That onely Lord,
of onely life and loue,
Who doth forbeare,
forgiue and quite forget
All those misdeeds
that his displeasure moue,
While sorrowes faith

is

is faſt by mercy ſet.

Hee, hee alone,
in ſpight of death and hel,
Bleſſe my poore wounded
ſoule, and all is well.

Emmanuell.

COme liue with mee,
and be my loue,
My loue, my life,
my King, my God,
And let mee now
thy mercy prooue,
That long haue felt
thy heauie rodde.

thy

Thy heauie rodde,
ah woe is me,
A rodde of ruſhes,
tis no more,
Who highly for
offending thee,
Might haue beene ſhutte
from mercies dore.

But thou art hee,
whoſe glorious eye
Beholdes the ſorrow,
not the ſinne
Of him who doth
for mercie cry

While teares of faith
doe fauour winne.

Thou doſt not wiſh
a ſinners death.
To liue, and loue
is thy delight:
While in the bleſſing
of thy breath,
Is euer day,
and neuer night.

Oh thou more faire
then faireneſſe is,
More ſweete, then

ſweet-

ſweeteneſſe can be thought,
More kinde then louers,
when they kiſſe,
That with thy death,
thy loue haſt bought.

Oh truth of trueth,
and yet more true,
Then time can try,
or tongue can tell,
Whoſe grace and
glorie ſtill renewe
In heauenly praiſe,
in ſpight of hell.

Oh power of powers,
aboue all power,
Oh conſtant faith
for euer faſt:
Oh onely ſweete
without all ſowre,
Oh endleſſe ioyes
that eueрlaſt.

In thee my loue,
and but in thee,
Doe euer ſpring,
that euer were,
And at thine only
pleaſure, bee

To bee disposed
euery where.

Oh, thou that werte,
before what was,
In essence of
all excellence,
And in thy wisdome
dost surpasse
The reach of knowledge
quintessence,

Who all of nothing
didst create,
But by thy worde,

and to thy will:
And ſo didſt order
euery ſtate,
As ſhewes thy high
ſupernall skill:

Who, hauing all thinges
ſet in frame,
Didſt ſhewe what loue
to man thou hadſt,
To giue him power
each thing to name,
And make him Lord
of all thou mad'ſt.

And more then that,
to shewe thy loue,
Thou madst him like
vnto thy selfe:
Till Iack an Apes
of hell did prooue
To make a Monkie
breede an elf.

Oh God, had that
sweete grace of thine,
In *Adam*, neuer
beene abused;
Our nature then,
in him diuine,

The diuels apple
had refuſed.

But eaſe begat
ſuch idleneſſe,
And idle eaſe
ſuch wantonneſſe,
And wantonneſſe
ſuch wickedneſſe,
As wrought in him
our wretchedneſſe.

Hee did forget
thy goodneſſe firſt,
Wee follow him,

and

and fly from thee:
Hee for his folly
was accurſt,
And ſo (in iuſtice)
Lord are wee.
But hee with ſhame
beheld his ſinne,
And flewe to mercie
for reliefe:
Whoſe woefull ſtate
all wee are in,
That to thy mercie
ſhewe our griefe.

Hee ſtucke vnto

that

Breton, N.

rocke of ſtrength,
That after labour
gaue him eaſe:
And wee in loue
doe hope at length
That ſorrowes teares
will wrath appeaſe.

Oh God, thou knoweſt
that only knoweſt
What knowledge is,
and what to knowe,
And by thy mercie
onely ſhoweſt,
What only pleaſeth

thee

the to ſhowe,

That as of duſt,
wee came at furſt,
Vnto the duſt
we ſhall againe:
The belly of the world
ſhall burſt,
When ſinne, and ſorrow
ſhall be ſlaine.

A time will be
when that all time
Shall ſee his longeſt
thread will breake:

When

Breton, N.

When gratious loue,
in praiſes prime,
Shall only of
thy glory ſpeake:

When graues ſhall ope
and bodies riſe,
And hell ſhall ſhake,
and fiendes ſhall roare,
And ſoules aſcende
vnto the skies,
To ſing thy glory
euermore.

And oh, that that

ſweete

sweete time were come,
That Saints and Aungels
might accord,
While earth and hell
are striken dumbe,
To sing thine onely
glory, Lord.

For here, alas,
While here wee liue,
Or rather die
by hurt of sinne,
The pleasures that
The world doth giue,
Doe but the way

to

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to hell beginne:

Where, by abundance
growes exceſſe,
And ſo forgetfulneſſe
of grace,
Or elſe by want,
ſo great diſtreſſe,
As brings the ſoule
in deſperate caſe.

Which, while the heart
tormented ſtands,
In helpeleſſe cares
calamitie,

Held

Holde all too harde
in sorrowes hands,
Doth long to be
at libertie:

That by the blessing
of thy grace,
Deliuered from
this earthly hell,
It may beholde
thy blessed face:
Where all contentments
euer dwell.

For truely loue

in

in only thee,
Doth liue all comfort,
ioy and bliſſe,
And where thou art not,
what can bee,
But ſhewes what ſhame
and ſorrowe is?

And ſince in thee,
doth only liue
The ground of the
eternall good,
And thou alone
canſt only giue
The faithfull ſoule

her heauenly foode:

Vouchsafe me leaue
to thee to cry,
Oh let my teares
thy mercie moue,
Who for thy loue,
would gladly die:
Come liue with mee,
and be my loue.

But I am vile,
and foule, and blacke,
Vnworthy obiect
for thine eyes,

Yea worthy to
be beaten backe,
Euen from the bleſſing
of the skies.

But thou canſt make
mee white as ſnowe,
By one pure droppe
of thy deare ſonne:
And being
purified ſo,
Thou wilt forget
what I haue done.

Had I a heauen

to entertaine
Thy holy presence,
it were thine:
But thou a king,
and I a swaine,
Take pittie on
this loue of mine.

Thy greatnesse was
in goodnesse such,
As did the poorest
loue embrace:
And is not thy worde
true in tutch,

That humble loue
gets heauenly grace,

Wherefore on knees
of humble heart,
Let mee thy gratious
mercie moue,
Put all my ſinfull
ſhame apart,
And liue with mee
and be my loue.

For thou art wiſe,
though I am fond,
And thou canſt make

mee wise in thee,
And thou art free,
though I am bond,
And thou alone
canst make me free.

Thou art all good,
and I so ill,
I know not how
to come to thee:
But worke mee wholly
to thy will,
Then be my loue,
and liue with mee.

In

IN ſorrowes deepe,
my ſpirit all appalde,
Seing the worlde,
an only ſinke of ſinne,
Vnto the Lord of
heauen for mercy cald,
And in her teares,
did thus her ſuit beginne:

If euer, Lord, a poore
repentant wretch,
Whoſe bleeding heart
can hardly ſpeake for grief,
But from his ſoule thoſe
ſobbing ſighes doth fetch,
That

That may in silence,
sue for thy relieſe.

My gratious Lord
and euerlasting God,
In pittie looke
a little on my paine,
Beholde my faith,
forbeare thy heauie rodde,
And let thy mercie heale
my soule againe.

I must confesse
I haue offended sore
That gratious will, and

glori-

glorious loue of thine,
I ſee my ſinnes
are euermore before
This wretched ſoule,
and wicked eyes of mine.

Nor day nor night
my ſpirit taketh reſt,
For feare of thy too much
deſeru'd diſpleaſure:
Such bitter ſorrowes
boyle within my breaſt,
As prooue my torments
haue no little meaſure.

But Lord that seest,
how I am wo begon me,
The deadly hurt,
wherin my hart doth dwel,
In thy sweete mercy once
but looke vpon mee:
Say but thou art my helpe
and I am well.

WHen that I felt my
soule with sorrow sokē,
My wofull minde
with miseries oppreſt,
My pining heart with bitter
passions

passions broken,
And euery way my
ſpirit all diſtreſſed,

Vpon my knees
vnto my God I went,
And in my teares I told
him of my griefe,
And with a heart almoſt
in peeces rent,
Repentance ſued to
pittie for reliefe:

When to his eares, my
praiers did aſcende

and

And from his holy hill
his mercie heard me,
And to my soule
such comfort did descend
That I did see, that mercy
did regard mee.

For I did finde how
hope bad feare depart:
My heartie sorrowe
had obtained grace,
And I did feele such
comfort in my heart,
That sodaine ioy, was
set in sorrowes place.

When

When, God he knowes,
that with no little ioy
My ſoule was rauiſht
with his ſacred loue,
That bad my heart
abandon all annoy,
I ſhould in heauen
a ſweter comfort proue.

Oh God, ſweete God, more
ſweet then can be thought,
When hope is leaſt, that
giues thy comfort moſt,
Whoſe mercie hath ſo with
thy iuſtice wrought,

as

As will not see thy faithfull
seruants lost:

Among thy Saintes,
and Angels that doest sit,
About thy throne
to glorifie thy name,
Vouchsafe me grace
to say Amen to it,
Although vnworthy
once to heare the same.

FINIS.

10.6.41

3700a
Breton, N.